

MARVEL



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COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

THE CROSS-TIME CAPER™

EXCALIBUR



THE SONG
HAS ALWAYS
BEEN WITHIN
HER --

--BUBBLY WITH
IRREPRESSIBLY
EFFERVESCENT
JOY FROM THE
MOMENT OF
CONCEPTION...

...SUSTAINING HER EVEN
THROUGH THE MOST AWFUL
OF THE DARK TIMES, WHEN
THE LAND SEEMED DRENCH-
ED DEEP IN BLOOD AND NONE
SHE COUNTED AS FRIEND OR
FAMILY SURVIVED FOR HER
TO TURN TO--

--BUT IT HAD
EVER BEEN A
LITTLE THING,
A SOLO
INSTRUMENT...

...NEVER SO
BRIGHT AND
RICH, BRIMFUL
OF SYMPHONIC
GLORY AS
NOW.

PASSION BURNS
HOT AND PIERCE
AS A NEWBORN
STAR...

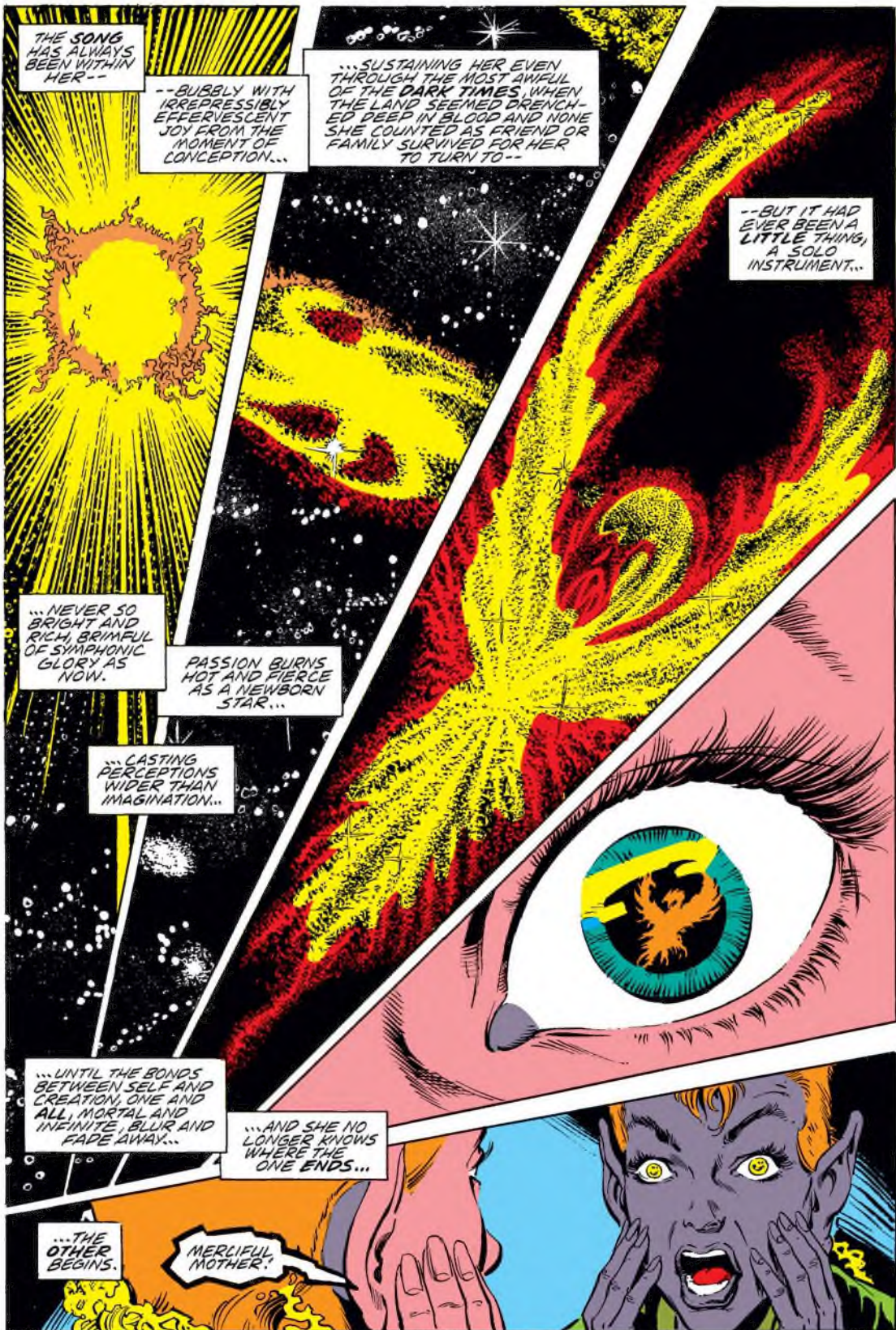
...CASTING
PERCEPTIONS
WIDER THAN
IMAGINATION...

...UNTIL THE BONDS
BETWEEN SELF AND
CREATION, ONE AND
ALL, MORTAL AND
INFINITE, BLUR AND
FADE AWAY...

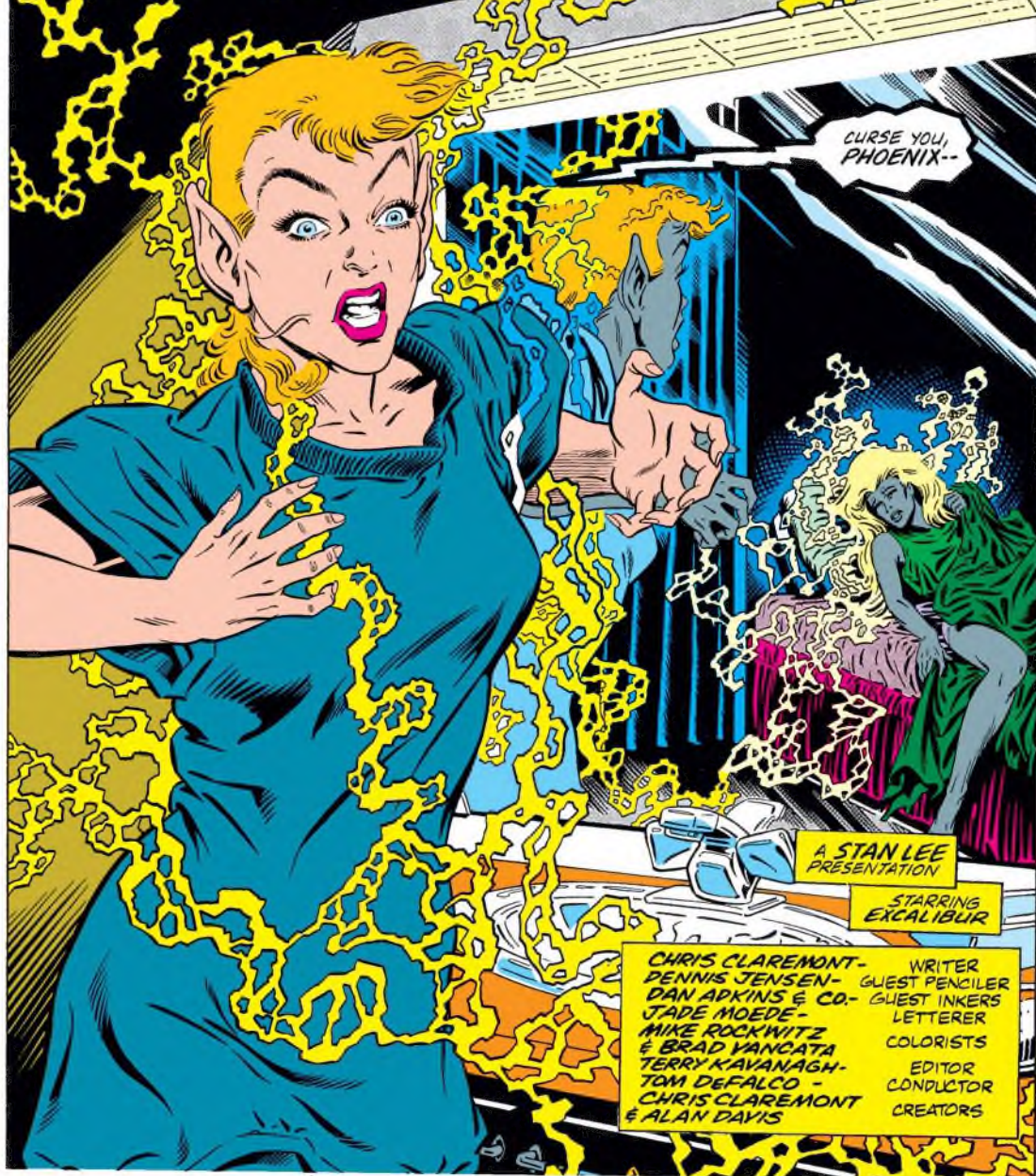
...AND SHE NO
LONGER KNOWS
WHERE THE
ONE ENDS...

...THE
OTHER
BEGINS.

MERCIFUL
MOTHER!



WILD WILD WHEELS



CURSE YOU,
PHOENIX--

A STAN LEE
PRESENTATION

STARRING
EXCALIBUR

CHRIS CLAREMONT -	WRITER
PENNIS JENSEN -	GUEST PENCILER
DAN ADKINS & CO. -	GUEST INKERS
JADE MOEDE -	LETTERER
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& BRAD VANCATA	
TERRY KAVANAGH -	EDITOR
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CHRIS CLAREMONT	CREATORS
& ALAN DAVIS	



--WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?!!

UNFORTUNATELY, RACHEL SUMMERS-- BEING A TELEPATH-- ISN'T SO MUCH AWARE OF MEGGAN'S WORDS AS THE RAGE AND FEAR BEHIND THEM.

TO HER THIS REGISTERS AS AN ATTACK.



MORE ASLEEP THAN AWAKE...

...SHE RESPONDS ACCORDINGLY.

GET AWAY!

...IN THE GRIPS OF HER OWN NIGHT TERRORS...

OWWWW!



WHICH, IN TURN, HAS CONSEQUENCES THAT REACH FAR BEYOND THE TWO WOMEN'S SLEEPING COMPARTMENT.

MY, OH MY!

THE TRAIN-- BUCKING LIKE WE'VE BEEN PERAILED!

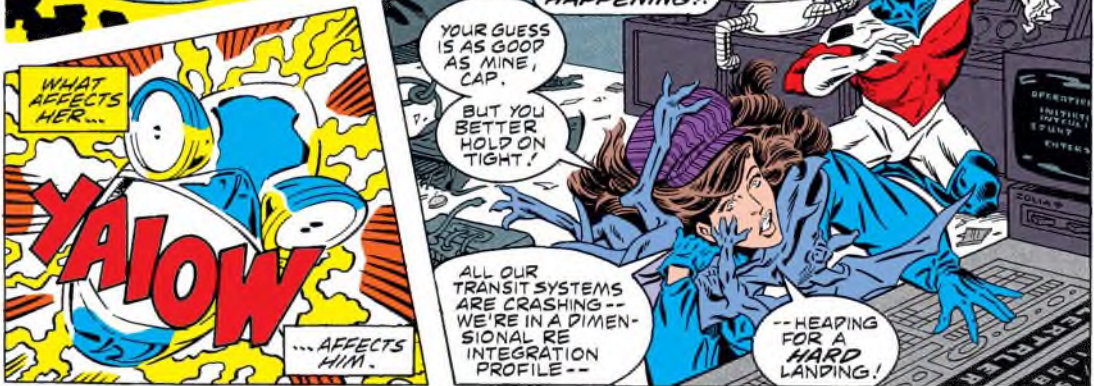


NIGHTCRAWLER ISN'T FAR WRONG...

...AS THE TRAIN'S PROGRESS THROUGH THE PAN-DIMENSIONAL VOID IS VIOLENTLY, TOTALLY DISRUPTED.

YOU SEE, IT'S THE LITTLE ROBOT WIDGET THAT TAKES EXCALIBUR ON THESE CROSSTIME JAUNTS...

...BUT IT'S PHOENIX WHO PROVIDES THE POWER FOR HIM TO DO IT!



WHAT AFFECTS HER...

YAIOW

...AFFECTS HIM.

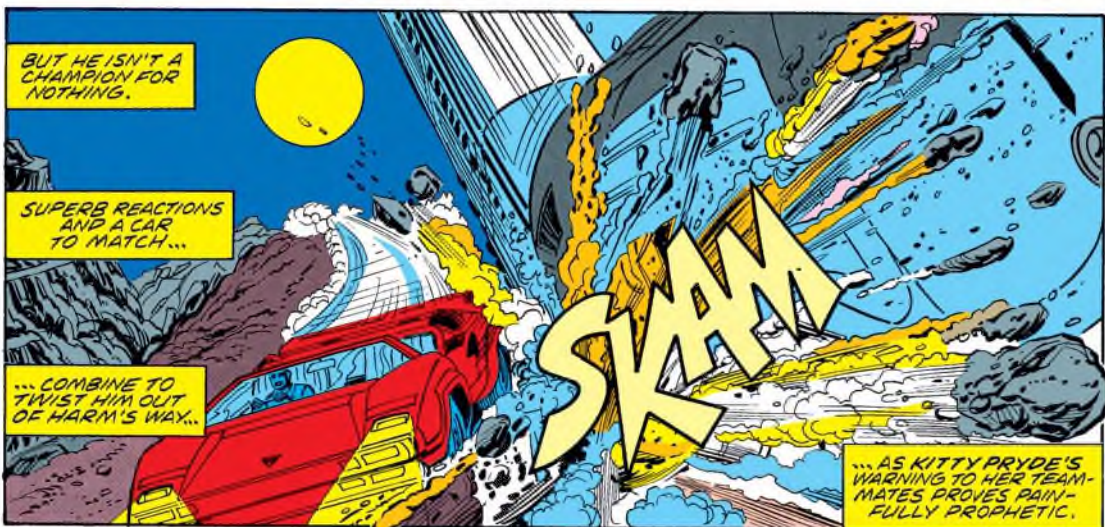
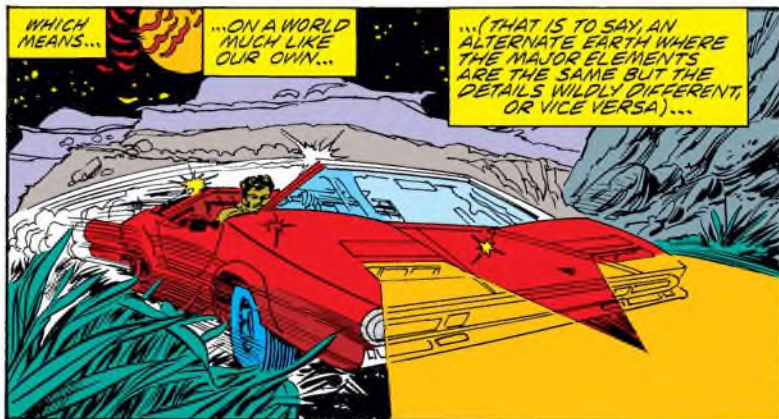
SHADOWCAT-- WHAT THE DEVIL'S HAPPENING?!

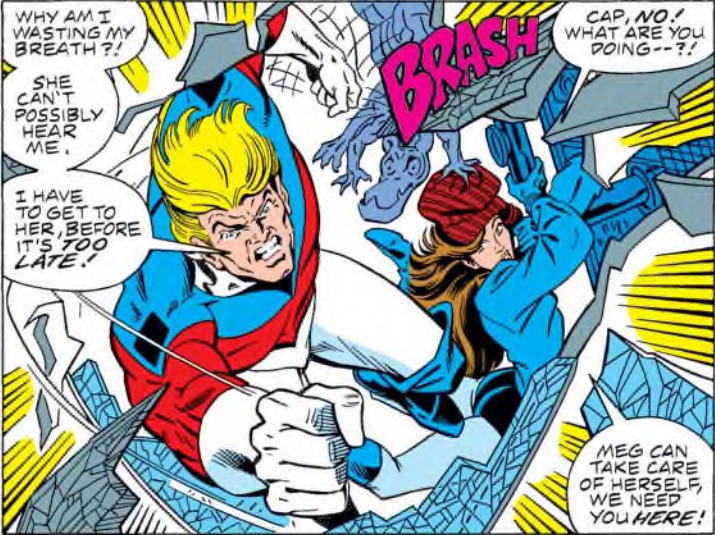
YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE, CAP.

BUT YOU BETTER HOLD ON TIGHT!

ALL OUR TRANSIT SYSTEMS ARE CRASHING-- WE'RE IN A DIMENSIONAL RE INTEGRATION PROFILE--

--HEADING FOR A HARD LANDING!

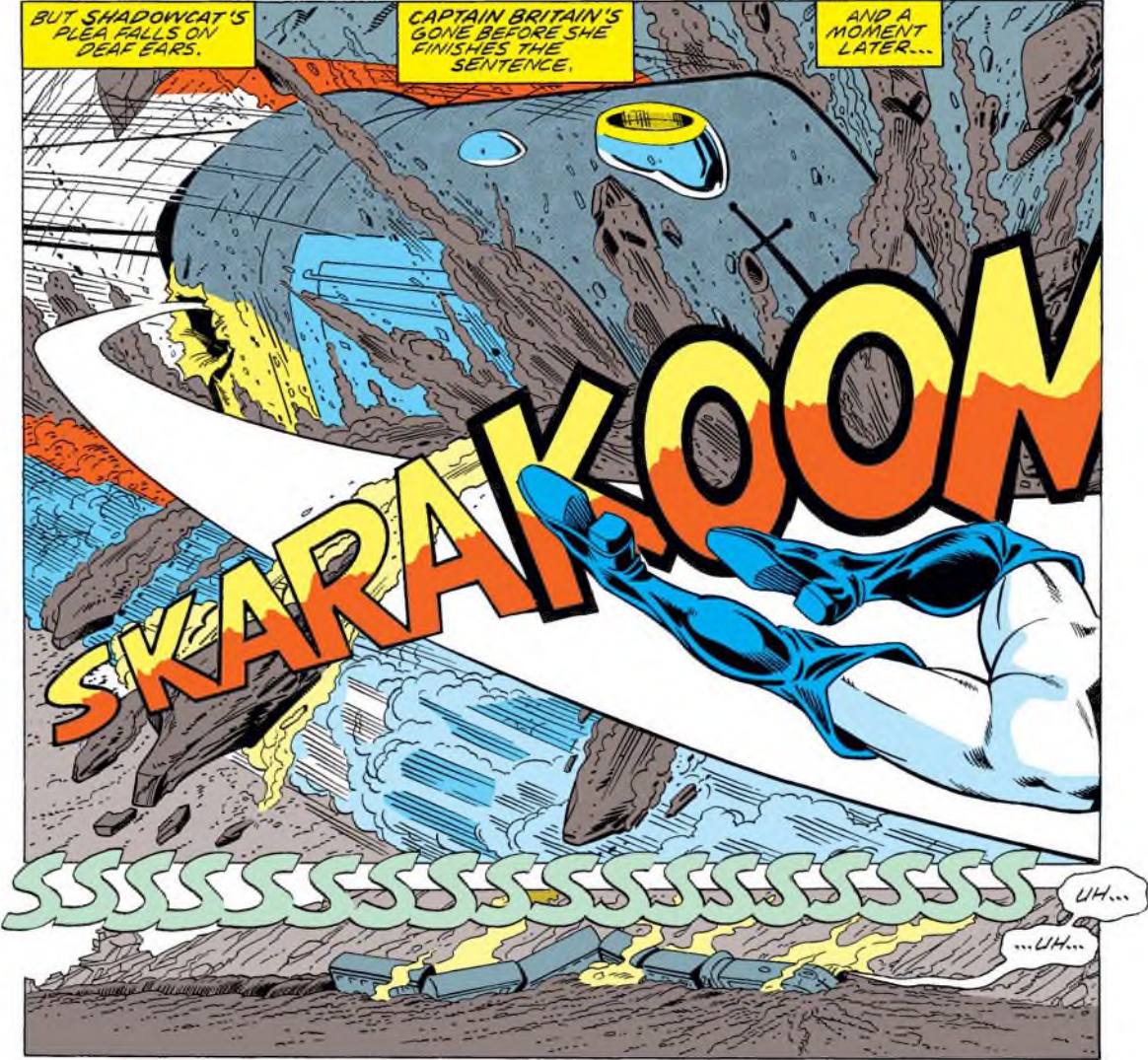




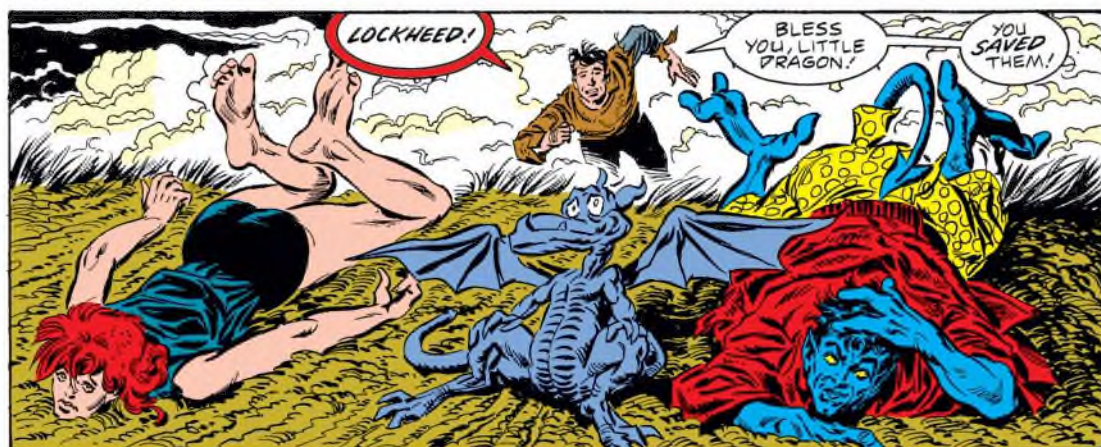
BUT SHADOWCAT'S PLEA FALLS ON DEAF EARS.

CAPTAIN BRITAIN'S GONE BEFORE SHE FINISHES THE SENTENCE.

AND A MOMENT LATER...



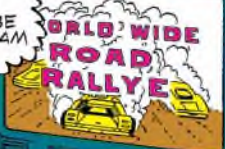




SOME WHILE LATER, AFTER THE TRAIN'S INTERIOR HAS BEEN TIDIED (AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE)...

I MANAGED TO PATCH MY MONITOR INTO THE LOCAL VIDEO NET, BUT THIS SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY PROGRAM ON THE AIR.

PRETTY WEIRD WORLD.



ONLY THING THEY SEEM TO DO...

...IS RUN THIS GLOBAL GRAND PRIX.

AND BRIAN'S BIG BROTHER, JAMIE--OR RATHER, THIS WORLD'S INCARNATION OF HIM--SEEMS TO BE NUMERO UNO AMONG THE DRIVERS.

WONDER WHAT BRIAN HAS AGAINST HIM? SOUNDED LIKE SERIOUS BAD BLOOD.

IS IT SOME KIND OF A "BOY" THING? 'CAUSE BRI'S TWIN SISTER SEEMED TO LIKE JAMIE OKAY WHEN I KNEW HER WITH THE X-MEN.

A-HA! BINGO-BANGO-BONGO PAYDIRT!



THANK YOU, MR. RACE REPORTER, FOR SHOWING ME WHERE MEG IS AND HOW SHE'S DOING.

ACTUALLY, SHE LOOKS PRETTY ZONED.

IS THAT CONNECTED TO RAY'S CONDITION?



CAR'S MOVING FAST, IT'S ALREADY PRETTY FAR AWAY.

THAT SHOULDN'T MATTER, THOUGH, SINCE MEG CAN FLY, SHE CAN COME BACK ANY-TIME.

QUESTION IS, WHY HASN'T SHE?

HOW'S THE PATIENT? SWEATY, FEVERISH, SEMI-COMATOSE--I'VE STARTED AN IV TO REPLACE THE FLUIDS SHE'S LOSING THROUGH PERSPIRATION. BEYOND THAT, KATZCHEN, WE'RE STUMPED.

RAY'S POWER GIVES HER PERFECT CONTROL OVER HER BODY...



SHE ISN'T SUPPOSED TO GET SICK.

TELL US ABOUT IT. ANOTHER PROBLEM IS, IF HER DELIRIUM MANIFESTS ITSELF THROUGH HER TELEPATHIC POWER AS PROJECTED NIGHTMARES, OR THROUGH HER TELEKINESIS AS POLTERGEIST ACTIVITY.

OH! TERRIFIC, SHE CAN TEAR OUR MINDS TO BITS, OR OUR BODIES, AND NEVER REALIZE IT.



HOPEFULLY IT WON'T COME TO THAT.

ANY LUCK ON YOUR END, KITTY?

FOUND MEGGAN. NO SIGN OF CAP.

WHICH IS EQUALLY ODD, COME TO THINK OF IT, SINCE HE CAN FLY, TOO.

HOW COME HE HASN'T CAUGHT UP WITH JAMIE OR CHECKED BACK WITH US--HAS SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM?!





MORE I LEARN ABOUT THIS PARTICULAR EARTH, THE SILLIER IT SEEMS.

PIECES DON'T ASSEMBLE INTO ANY COHERENT WHOLE.

IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY THIS WORLD WASN'T SO MUCH EVOLVED...

...AS SOMEBODY-- WITH A REALLY TWISTO SENSE OF HUMOR--

--MADE IT UP AS HE WENT ALONG.

DRAT! CAN'T EVEN KICK A STUPID ROCK IN FRUSTRATION!

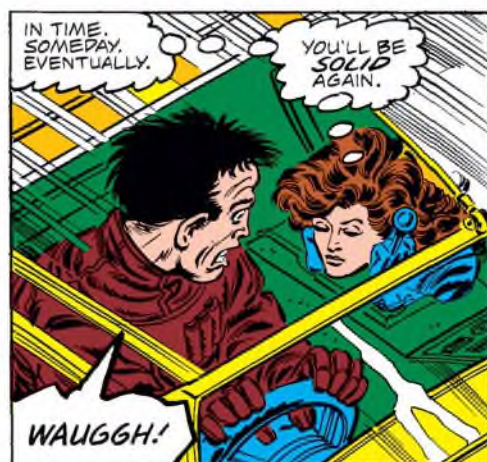


BE PATIENT, THEY TELL ME, THE HEALING PROCESS IS GRADUAL.

TRUE, YOUR CURRENT NATURAL STATE IS TO BE PHASED...

INSUBSTANTIAL AS A GHOST.

BUT THAT'LL PASS.



IN TIME, SOMEDAY, EVENTUALLY.

YOU'LL BE SOLID AGAIN.

WAUGH!



'SCUSE ME, IF I DON'T HOLD MY BREATH WAITING.

EXCALIBUR ISN'T IN MUCH BETTER SHAPE, EITHER.



NO CAP OR RAY MEANS NO FLIERS TO GO AFTER MEG, AND NO RAY ALSO MEANS NOBODY TO JUMP-START WIDGET AND TRIGGER HIS PAN-DIMENSIONAL WARP CAPABILITY.

WHICH MEANS WE COULD BE STUCK HERE, PERMENTLY!

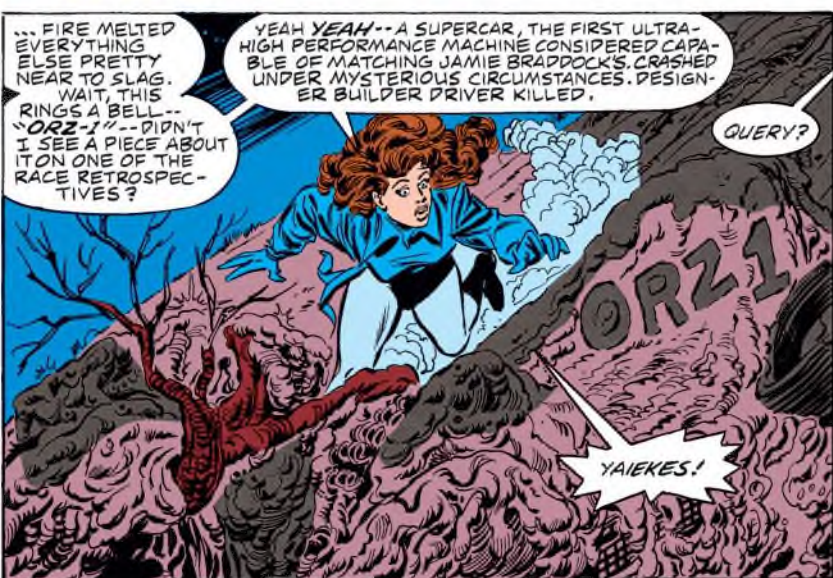
UGH!

AGH!



HMNH-- SOMEBODY SURE TOTALED HIS WHEELS IN A MAJOR WAY.

NICE MESS. ONLY THE BASIC FRAME'S LEFT...

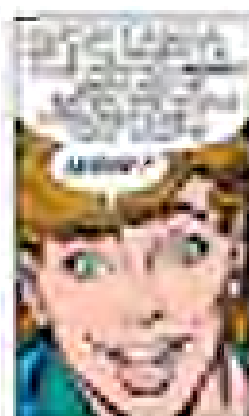


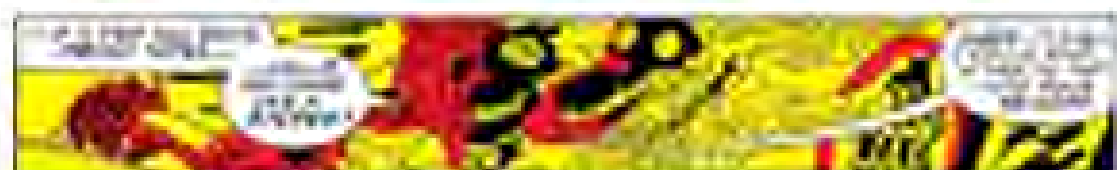
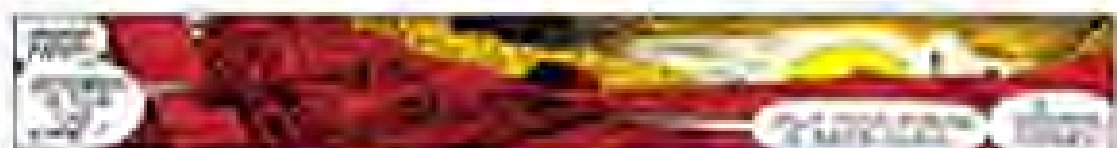
... FIRE MELTED EVERYTHING ELSE PRETTY NEAR TO SLAG. WAIT, THIS RINGS A BELL-- "ORZ-I"-- DIDN'T I SEE A PIECE ABOUT IT ON ONE OF THE RACE RETROSPECTIVES?

YEAH YEAH-- A SUPERCAR, THE FIRST ULTRA-HIGH PERFORMANCE MACHINE CONSIDERED CAPABLE OF MATCHING JAMIE BRADDOCK'S. CRASHED UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES. DESIGNER BUILDER DRIVER KILLED.

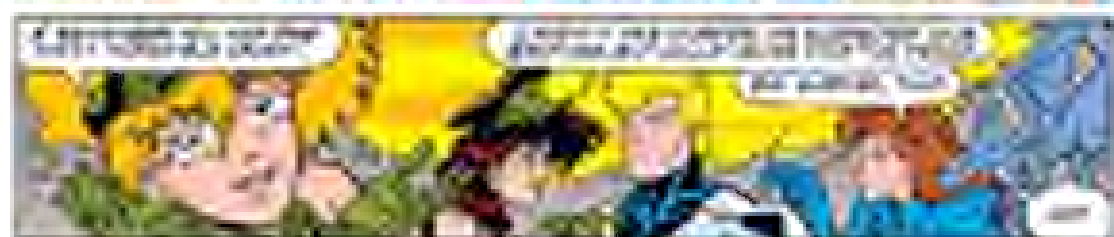
QUERY?

YAIKES!

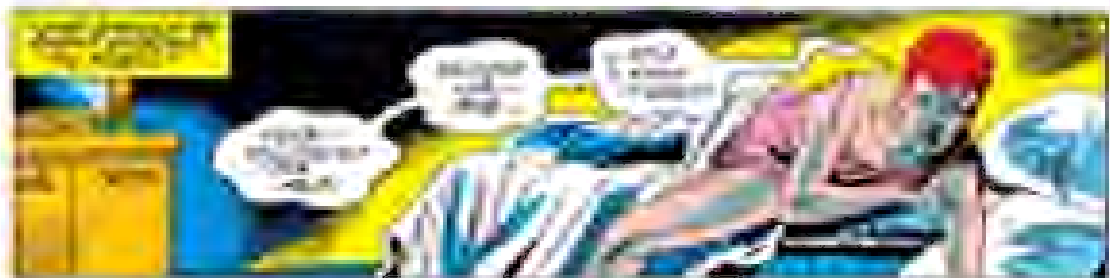
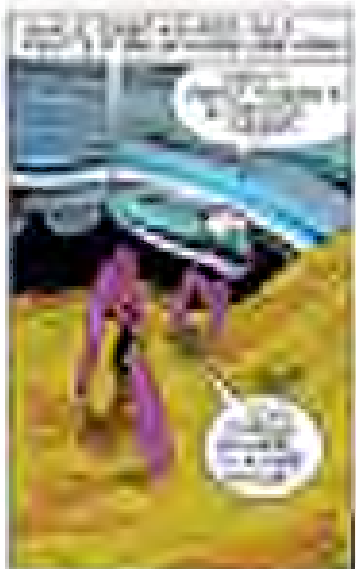






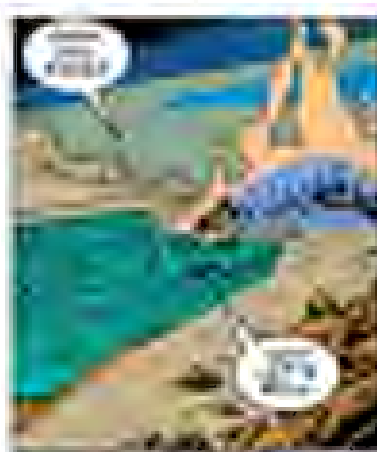


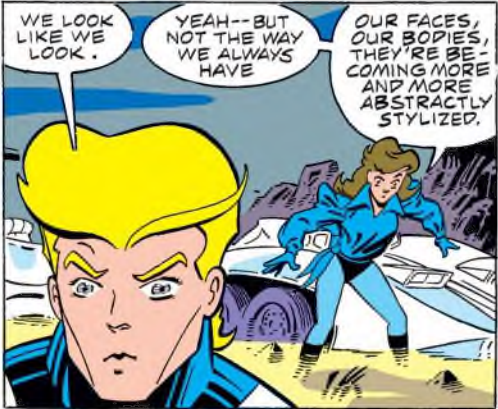


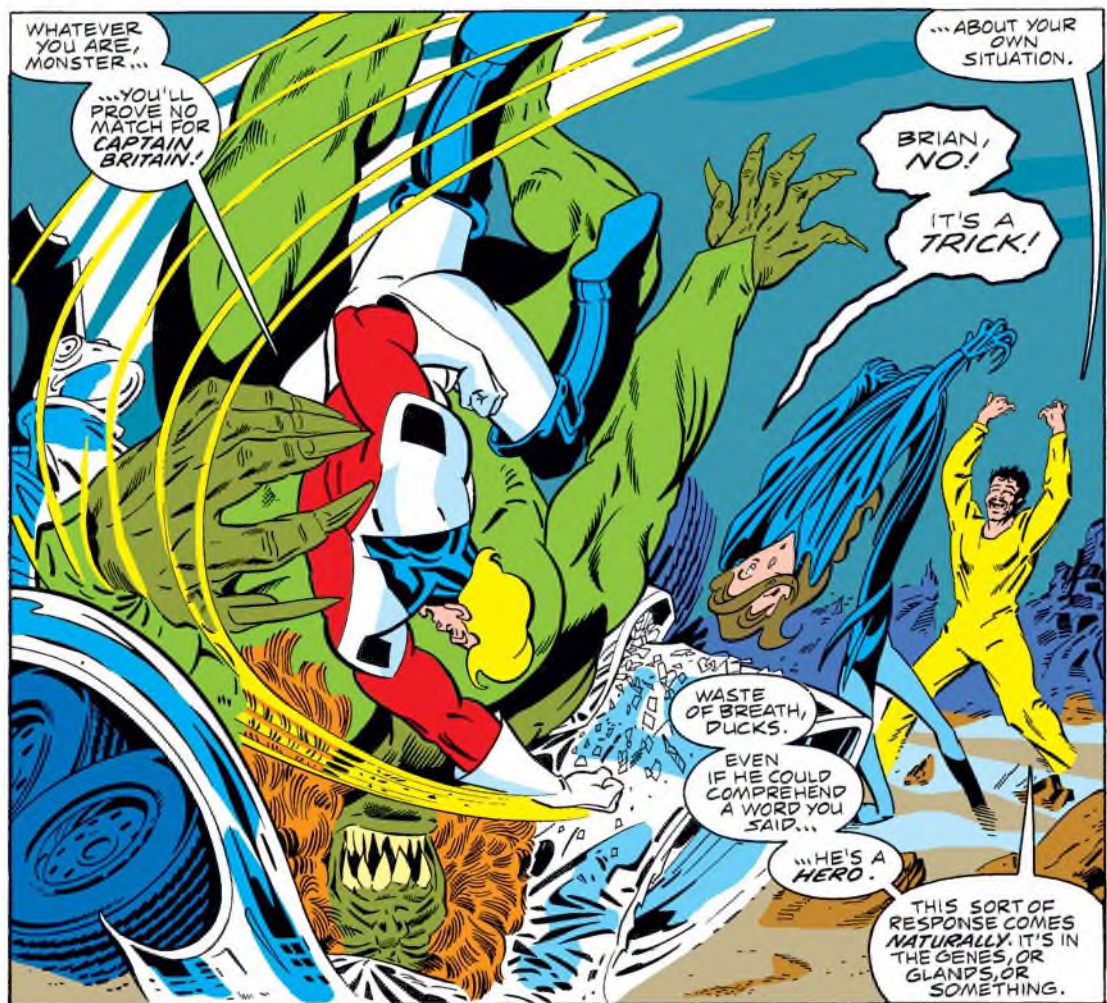
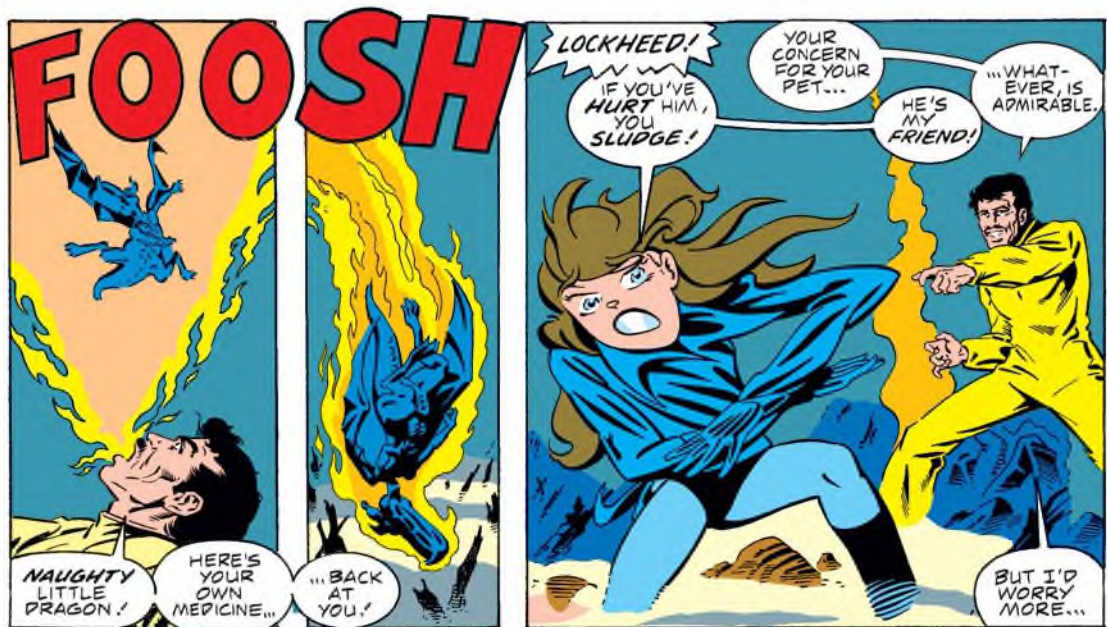














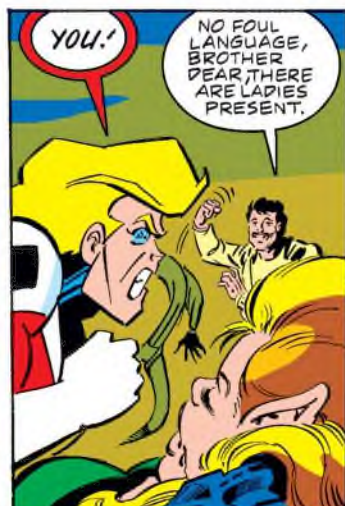
TAKE THAT!



AND THAT!



AND TH--?!



YOU!

NO FOUL LANGUAGE, BROTHER DEAR, THERE ARE LADIES PRESENT.



THIS IS BETWEEN US, JAMIE, LEAVE THE GIRLS OUT OF IT!

THERE'S NOTHING BETWEEN US, BRIAN, ANYMORE.

THE FIGHT'S AS GOOD AS OVER.



MEGGAN-- TRANSFORMED INTO THE PHOENIX-- DON'T!

THE IMAGE, I PLUCKED FROM YOUR REDHEADED TELEPATH'S THOUGHTS.

WICKED LITTLE MIND, SHE HAS. I LIKE IT.

BUT THE BODY'S ALL YOUR SWEET-HEART'S.

MOST IMPRESSIVE RESULT, DON'T YOU THINK?

AND GUESS WHO'S LOST?



NEXT: MADRIPDOOR KNIGHTS!